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## REMOVAL.

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M. S. MYERS & Co.

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## PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

The seven directors of this exclusive society, a list of whose names we have not at present within reach, have proclaimed a stringent edict during the recess. The Saturday rehearsals are, for the future, to take place in private. The members and associates are no longer to be admitted, nor the friends of the seven directors, who used to compose the majority of the audience on these occasions.

We were struck with the liberality of the members and associates, in resigning a privilege of which the directors had no right to deprive them, and still more with the magnanimity of the seven directors, in foregoing the advantage of treating their friends to a morning concert, gratis. But since recovering from the first shock of admiration, we have learned that the real promoter of the new regulation was Mr. Costa. Not satisfied with fixing the hours of rehearsal at two hours before, instead of two hours after the sun's meridian, Mr. Costa has come to the conclusion, that a concert is one thing, and a rehearsal another, and that while a concert requires an audience a rehearsal is better without one. We should be sorry to enter the lists against the great conductor in this argument, being well able to understand that delicacy will not allow him to

act the part of schoolmaster in presence of two or three hundred lookers-on, unconcerned in anything but their own particular amusement. How shall Mr. Costa teach seventy gentlemen to play, before a crowd of indifferent spectators? Fifty out of the seventy may have pupils in the room—for it is hardly necessary to remark, that the members of the Philharmonic orchestra cannot possibly exist upon Philharmonic pittance—in which case, it becomes a most ungracious task for a conductor to single out one or more from the ranks, as malefactors or players of wrong notes. But Mr. Costa is as much in the right on the present occasion, as on most occasions when he legislates for the benefit of those under his controul. He has swept the Hanover-square rooms of intruders, and henceforth the Saturday rehearsals will, in all probability, be so well deserving of the name as to induce a regret that only one can be afforded for each concert.

We wholly reject an idea, which has gained credit in some quarters, that the free admissions were stopped in order to keep out the members of the press, who were becoming too familiar with Philharmonic state secrets. Nothing can be more unfounded. Admitting, for the sake of argument (what of course we entirely disbelieve), that the management of the Philharmonic Society has for many years been more or less engrossed by a certain compactly allied *clique* of professors, who have superintended its affairs very clumsily,—admitting (what we reject with contempt) that, out of the seven directors, only three have any real power, the rest being dummies, and that these three re-elect themselves annually—admitting (which we equally discredit) that, in consequence of the despotic authority of the three directors, no independent member of the Philharmonic Society will allow himself to be proposed as a candidate for the directorship, which entails upon the general apathetic body the loss of such services as those of Mr. Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Cipriani Potter, and others—admitting (an evident absurdity) that the band of the Philharmonic Society is not what it ought to be, and (a still more evident absurdity) that the members of the press are quite able, if they please, to point out and animadvert upon its feeble points—admitting all these (and many more stupid and libellous insinuations), for the sake of argument, and admitting (which truth forbids!) that the reputation of the Philharmonic Society has suffered in the good opinion of the public and the profession, what has the press to do with the matter? The duty of critics—for the exact fulfilment of which they are allowed the eminent advantage of purchasing their season tickets—is clearly to eulogise in becoming terms the admirable policy of the seven (how silly

to say three!) annually elected (how impertinent to say self-elected!) directors, to declare their unqualified delight with every performance, and to assure their readers that nothing, no, nothing in the world, can possibly be better,—not even the Musical Union. With this straightforward path before them, with this simple and pleasant *devoir*, the responsibilities of our brethren become easy and uniform. Praise everything; that is it—*tout bonnement*. Under such evident conditions, the rumour that the presence of reviewers gave rise to the expulsion of every body from the rehearsals (even the members, who might reasonably set such an edict at defiance), is scarcely worth a thought; and the occlusion of portals previously patulous can no longer be a mystery, or a cause of dissatisfaction, to our contemporaries of the stylum and the ink-bottle.

We allude thus early to the matter, in order to make known our approval. The three ——— the seven directors, in our opinion, have acted most discreetly, and if, after all, the first concert on Monday last (as our Reporter seems to think), developed no signs of improvement in the general execution, but rather the contrary, this could not, by any ingenious sophistry, be laid to their charge.

We have another agreeable fact to announce. On Wednesday there was a trial of some new orchestral works, and among other pieces a MS. symphony by Mr. Cipriani Potter. Of course we were not invited, since it would have been unpleasant to a rising composer like Mr. Potter to have the quality of his talent adjudicated, and the fate of his symphony decided, in the presence of strangers. We are glad to find that there is a likelihood of reviving the excellent system of trials, which should never have been abandoned. Novelty is loudly asked for by the Philharmonic subscribers, who will, no doubt, feel greatly indebted, should the directors be graciously pleased to try some of the unknown symphonies of Spohr. Among these, it is hoped, one may be found more worthy of a place in the Philharmonic programmes, than the MS. overture in D, tried several years ago and rejected by the united fiat of the directors; or than the overture to *Der Alchemyst*, which, even after being rehearsed, was judged by the same collective wisdom unfit to be produced at the concerts—although a year or two previously, by some unpardonable oversight (for which of course the directors were blameless), it was played at a concert, under the composer's own guidance, and the subscribers, professional and amateur, (unhappily in ignorance of the adverse opinion of the directors), encored it without a dissentient voice. On another occasion, of course, they will be better prepared to discover and condemn the faults of this inartistic composition. It cannot be denied, however, that Spohr is a promising musician, and worthy of encouragement. The directors might relax a trifle of their severity in his favour, and afford him a chance at one of the trials. Something may come of him if the Philharmonic will but tender a helping hand. Without that, he may struggle in vain for anything beyond a German reputation, and a sly nook in the tradesman's musical temple—Exeter

Hall. But what is all this in comparison with Hanover Square?

We tremble for the word which shall decide whether the symphony of our countryman, Mr. Potter, is worthy or unworthy to be served up to the Philharmonic subscribers. Should the verdict be favourable, however, Mr. Sterndale Bennett might submit his overture, *The Wood Nymphs*, for the approval or rejection of the same competent tribunal, with a reasonable chance of success. Meanwhile, congratulating the subscribers and ourselves upon the fact of the trials being resumed, and humbly tendering the expression of our *reconnaissance* to the directors, we conclude, for the present, with the promise of returning to the subject next week. We have too many things to say, to be squeezed into the proportions of a single article.

#### ENGLISH MUSIC IN HIGH PLACES

Things are looking up. The public always patronised English music when the opportunity was accorded. Managers, less liberal, have still been induced to speculate in the same material, for their own advantage. Royalty has lately given signs of following the stream. We have perused, with real gratification, some of the recent programmes of the music performed before her Majesty at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace. Among other pieces, the overture of the *Naiades*, by Sterndale Bennett, has been introduced on more than one occasion. Selections from Macfarren's *Sleeper Awakened* have also been performed, and a brilliant and characteristic march by Loder, called *Prince Arthur's March*, composed in honour of the youngest of the Royal Family, and arranged for a military orchestra, has been several times executed under the able direction of Mr. Godfrey—to the evident satisfaction of the illustrious connoisseurs. These emanations from compatriotic pens are of a far higher class than much of the music which for so many years resounded in the Castle halls—to the evident dissatisfaction of the illustrious connoisseurs. Having at last found their way into the arena of arenas, they are likely to keep their position in the august programmes, as surely as they were slow to reach that high distinction. But they are only a few that occur to us. The names of our best musicians are now frequently to be seen, not only in connection with the festal music at the Castle, but with the orchestra and chamber performances of the Royal band and quartet party, and even with the select evening concerts at the palace in St. James's Park, where erst the languishing measure of Italian *cantilena* formed the exclusive source of recreation.

We are pleased to note this change in so influential a quarter, since it must be evident to all, that, only through Royal support, which brings the patronage of Aristocracy in its train, can the long-cherished scheme of a National Opera be set on foot, with any well-based hope of ultimate prosperity. Once obtain this, and there would be no necessity for a *subvention*,



which may suit the French very well, but is not fitted for English views of speculative independence. Let the Queen and the Prince betray an interest in the progress of a native school of art, and the people will quickly follow in the wake of Majesty. Unhappily, our public, though a good public in its way, and not an indifferent judge as times go, must positively be led by the nose. The press might do it, but will not. Let us hope better of the Queen, the natural protector of her loyal subjects, including the entire body corporate, from statesmen to fiddlers.

#### THE OAKEN CROWN.

THE great difficulty now-a-days in the artistic world is to avoid the decoration of the order of the Oaken Crown, with which His Majesty the King of Holland invests every one he or his envoys can catch hold of. Here, but now, is poor De Beriot, who, because he has educated three pupils to play contemporaneously in unison, on fiddles, is forthwith endowed, nil he will be, with the order of the *couronne de chêne*. Had his Dutch Majesty flung the decoration at the heads of Tenhaven, Scheurs, and Standisch, to be divided among them, there would have been nothing to complain of; but at De Beriot's age it is really too bad.

By the way, the Belgian papers are rhapsodical about these youths. One of them, the *Indépendance Belge*, says that Ernst, Sivori, and Vieuxtemps, together, would not be able to do what the three pupils of De Beriot can effect. It is very possible, however, and equally probable, that Ernst, Sivori, and Vieuxtemps would not take the trouble to attempt it.

The system of teaching the Violin at the Brussels *Conservatoire*, which at present obtains, would astonish some professors who follow the good old plan of instructing one at a time. De Beriot makes six of his pupils scrape together, and with the modesty which distinguishes him, confines their studies entirely to his own music. There are, besides Tenhaven, Scheurs, and Standisch, young Vieuxtemps, younger Monasterio, and still younger somebody else, whose name does not recur to us. The six are noted for their joint execution of the concertos of De Beriot, which honourable authorities do not hesitate to pronounce astonishing.

On the other hand, sceptics may ask, what kind of general players they are?—whether they can read new music with facility?—whether they have any *style* individually?—and twenty other questions of the sort, which, we are inclined to think, will be somewhat difficult to answer, in a plain straightforward manner. M. De Beriot, however, is not a man to be easily discomfited, and ignores what it is to run away from a difficulty. He will doubtless explain to the amateurs of Germany, France, England, and even Italy and Spain, why a more delightful as well as original, a more legitimate as well as extraordinary musical effect, can be produced by six violinists playing the same notes in unison, than by one violinist, who, however great his talent, cannot possibly bring out a volume of tone of the same breadth and power. The

coldness resulting from a certain unvarying and monotonous precision, is of course a small matter, the great end of art in the present day, being not so much to move the soul by expression, as to satisfy the ear by mechanical correctness. M. De Beriot will be in a condition to overrule all such petty objections, at the audience which, doubtless, Mr. Ella will accord to his young *protégés*; and we have little fear but that Tenhaven, Scheurs, and Standisch will be found worthy to appear before the aristocratic audience of the Musical Union, or even at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, should they come to London—which is not probable just now, Mr. Lumley having engaged them for a considerable period.

At the same time all this does not excuse the attack upon De Beriot, who has done nothing that we know of to offend the king of Holland.

#### Reviews of Music.

"CAPRICE POUR LE PIANO-FORTE." EMANUEL AGUILAR.  
Wessel and Co.

IN selecting the key of D flat, Mr. Emanuel Aguilar attacks the sentimental side of the *caprice*, properly so called, although the designation, or rather qualification of character and tempo—*allegretto quasi allegro*—evinces a leaning to something more sparkling and *ad captandum*. The truth is, Mr. Aguilar has mingled the two elements alluded to, with considerable fancy and no small amount of musical skill. His first theme is a flowing *cantilena*, accompanied with that peculiar disposition of the *arpeggio* which distinguishes the majority of modern Italian arias. This developed, he introduces a tripping passage of semi-quavers, which branches out into an important feature during the course of two pages, and falls easily and naturally into a kind of Sicilian *ritornella* in the dominant key, which, in its turn, gives way to a free *fantasia*, wherein fragments of the original theme are fancifully led through a well devised series of modulations, until, by the approved, if not novel, expedient of a *pedal* passage on the dominant, the composer once more attains his subject in the key of the tonic, though completely divested of its primitive character, by a new suit of harmony and accompaniment. The semi-quaver episode then re-appears, as before, upon an interrupted cadence, and once more brings back the Sicilian *ritornella* in the primal key, the whole concluding with a brilliant coda, in which octaves are liberally distributed to either hand. To play this piece in a satisfactory manner requires elegance of style and neatness of execution, in equal proportions. Mr. Aguilar, while thinking for himself, has much of that fantastic refinement (or refined fantasy) which imparts such a peculiar colour to many of the pieces of Chopin; and he has also evidently imbibed a little of the same composer's independence of what a certain school of musicians persist in declaring indispensable to good taste and legitimate effect—we allude to *plan*; but, like M. Chopin, Mr. Aguilar has proved that music (for the piano) may be rendered both agreeable and interesting, without any magnanimous adherence to that exclusively classical restriction; and Mr. Aguilar, like M. Chopin, is tolerably certain to find a pretty good number of admirers and adherents, provided he continues to write such pieces as the *Caprice* in D flat, Op. 12.

"LA FETE VILLAGEOISE." EMANUEL AGUILAR.—Wessel & Co.  
Colonel Blood, in his attempt to appropriate to himself the jewels of the crown, was arrested by a shire, and for that time frustrated in his purpose. Emanuel Aguilar, in the solitude of his chamber, fearless of shires, had he been inclined to pluck a gem from Auber's *Diamans de la Couronne*, which has for years constituted a rich mine whence musical delvers have desperately digged diamonds, need have been under no such appre-

hension. But Mr. Aguilar apparently had his eye, or rather his ear directed, or rather set, towards another point of the musical compass, or rather clock. Doubtless at some *soirée dansante*, or haply at the Italian Opera, Mr. Aguilar has heard a certain chorus, in the bridalscene of an opera entitled *Lucia di Lammermoor*, by one Donizetti, which has produced such an effect upon him that, sitting alone in the solitude of his chamber, his fingers running listlessly over the keys of the *clavier*, the theme, in a strange measure and a new key, has moulded itself into proportions, and persuaded his not unwilling fancy, that it (his fancy) had given birth to an original tune. That he was convinced of this, and that the thought found favor in his ear, is apparent in the elaborate frame in which he has set it, the several departments whereof consist of an *andante* in F, in the form of an introduction, and a variety of episodes, the most delectable of which is one in B flat, page 5, where a form of accompaniment, much used by Steibelt, the well-known composer of the "Storm-Rondo," (and *notamment* in that Rondo), is happily brought to bear. Besides its light and pleasing character, the *Fête Villageoise*—which, in respect of simple melody, might have fairly passed muster in the days of the "bowyers and flechers" (bowmen and arrowmen—whereof Robin Hood and Little John), when pastorals, may songs, caryllons, and roundelays were the bone and marrow of tune—is to be commended for its brevity, and for the facility with which it adapts itself to the fingers of performers to whom Thalberg, Prudent, and Blumen-thal are *caviare*. *Bref*—Mr. Aguilar might have written a more original, but hardly a more taking and unpretending *morceau*, or one more likely to prove acceptable to a large class of masters, not to say pupils. Nathless, let us own that we prefer Mr. Aguilar in Ereles' vein, soaring a higher flight, plunging a deeper line, surveying a wider field, aiming at a more distant mark, absorbed in a browner study—as in the Caprice in D flat, Op. 12.

"THE REGAL GRAND MARCH."—E. J. WESTROP.  
Z. T. Purday.

A spirited movement for two performers on the piano, commencing with a regular march *maestoso*, and introducing Lindpaintner's popular song "The Standard-bearer," as a trio. Although presenting no point for the especial notice of the critic, its merit clearly not being that of originality, this march is quite independent of deprecatory comment, since, besides being written with facility and correctness, it may be advantageously used as a teaching piece for young performers, who are too frequently presented, by indiscreet professors, with much worse music.

"THE CARLISLE POLKA."—W. H. MONTGOMERY.—J. Williams.

More polkas! When will Christmas be over? Not, it would seem, until Her Majesty's late visit to Castle Howard (represented by a modern building with a cupola, and swans sailing in a fair pond, hard by a tree and shrubs, under which may be supposed to hove gudgeon) be forgotten, which is unlikely to be "effusions," while Mr. Montgomery's pen is able to describe such dashing dance tunes as the present. Carlisle being near the Border, Mr. Montgomery has dexterously endowed the first page of his polka with that peculiar jerk, contrived by a short note falling lithely on a long one, which gives such a peculiar character to the Scotch tunes. In the second page, however, this peculiarity is absent, which emboldens us to the presumption, that Mr. Montgomery had it in his mind's eye to represent those merry times, long past, when—true for a period having been plighted, mutually, by pulverising Percy and double-daggered Douglas, exchanging friendly fists, instead of paying each other the unsought tribute of "Scot and Lot" (for which Falstaff, undesirous, prostrated himself full length upon his abdomen, feigning immediate mortality)—the boors and maidens of the north of England kept jovial carousal with the laddies and lassies of the south of Scotland, due north of them, and the naginary border was rubbed out by the gum elastic of good llo waship, to the tunes of "Boys and Girls come out to play," and "The Campbells are 'going'" (vice "coming"), intermingled in boisterous strains of unpremeditated counterpoint. If such were Mr. Mont-

gomery's idea, he has carried it out very happily. Both his tunes are good, verging on the border of the national measure and rhythm of either side Tweed, and we can well imagine that, when performed by I. Weippert's band (which the title-page informs us has been its fortunate destiny), the effect it produces must inevitably perpetuate the memory of the fact of Her Majesty's visit to Castle Howard in the breast of every loyal polker and polkee at those popular and *tres-suivies* (very followed) *reunions* of busy feet, greeting hands, reclining waists, sustaining arms, glistening eyes, glad hearts and stirring strains, which bear the name of Weippert, at one of whose *soirées dansantes* we trust, on some near occasion, to be ourselves refreshed and tickled with an audition of Montgomery's "Carlisle Polka," which we cheerfully propose to all our light-heeled friends, as a sparkling and original contribution to their *repertoire* of music that provokes to the dance.

"THE CRYSTAL WALTZES."—C. A. PATEY.—Charles Jefferys.

When we say that Mr. Charles Patey prefaces a suite of *Valses* with a graceful *cantilena à l'Italienne* in 8 time, we have adduced all that could possibly be adduced, by the most savage and punctilious critic, in disfavor of the "Crystal Waltzes," which are pretty, animated, nicely contrasted, and conveniently arranged for the piano. We might also add original, to all except No. 2, which smacks a little of this, that, and the other, though we have not space to recapitulate, had we the memory to notify the various points of resemblance. No. 3, on the contrary, smacks of nothing but itself, and itself is remarkably winning. No. 4 is also *tres dansante*, and piquant, to boot. In the coda the principal subjects are gathered together into one dish, and tossed into a well-flavored *pot-pourri*, neither too much nor too little of any subject being introduced. The whole is neither too long nor too short, and may be recommended as a better set of waltzes than many not so good.

"THE FUGITIVE, OR LOVE AND LOYALTY."—ANDREW THOMSON.  
Campbell, Ransford & Co.

This is one of a selection of the melodies of Scotland, by Mr. W. H. Bellamy, to which Mr. Andrew Thomson has added the symphonies and accompaniments. It is a very favourable specimen. The air, "Oh! speed thee, Lord Nithesdale," though not one of the most commonly known, is by no means one of the least characteristic of the old Scottish tunes. The verses (by Mr. Bellamy, we presume), seem to embody the old story of a warrior, wearied with blood and toil, to whom a lady, probably his true love, affords protection in her tent, watching over him while he sleeps. The accompaniment of Mr. Andrew Thomson betrays a good ear for harmony, and a just appreciation of the character of the melody. The only point for criticism is the somewhat too frequent occurrence of the modulation into the sub-dominant, by means of D flat, the 7th of the key note. Where the flat 7th occurs in the melody the effect is good, but we do not like its anticipation in the bar immediately preceding. Mr. Thomson should remember that the chord of A flat belongs naturally to the key of E flat, and it is not absolutely necessary, on every occasion of using it, to walk over the bridge of the flat 7th of the tonic. By omitting the D flat in one or two instances monotony would be avoided, and an otherwise unimpeachable accompaniment be rendered perfect. On second thoughts, however, in line 2 of the opening symphony, the last chord of bar 4, and the first chord of bar 5, would be both improved by the addition of an E flat in the right hand, which would establish, what at present is doubtful, whether the author intends two consecutive chords of the 6th, or the common chord followed by the chord of the 6-4. As it stands the effect is bare.

"THE SPANISH MAIDEN."—NIGRI. A. W. Hammond.

The Spanish maiden yearns for her native land, and yearns in a bolero. It is somewhat singular, by the way, not to say anomalous, that whether a Spanish maiden be in a melancholy or happy train of mind, whether she be thinking of her absent love, lamenting her marble halls, dancing on the greensward, musing in a bay-window of the Escorial, hieing gaily on one of St.



Francis's mules to milk her cows in the pasture, confiding a *billet dour* to a trusty duenna for the gallant of her choice, telling her beads in a church at the foot of the altar, waving her handkerchief at a bull-fight or dropping her glove at a tournament, pinching the strings of a guitar to some old romaunt of chivalry where Moors are all giants, dwarfs, magicians, and devils, while Spaniards are emblems of constancy, daring, courage and manly beauty, flitting along at night in the silent streets like a dark ghost, all bementled to conceal the blushes that mantle (no pun) on her cheeks, which, indeed, were she unhooded, would rather be felt than seen by the happy *Caballero* who waits for her hard by with cloak and sword and mask and feathers (granting the moon at its full, for that fair mistress of the midnight sky shows not these tricks of shame upon the maiden's face), getting up early in the morning and opening the casement to let the first rays of the sun pry into the secrets of the chamber, going to bed late at night after taking her last look at the stars and heaving a last sigh for her beloved in whose behalf she kneels and offers up a prayer to the mother of the Saints, musing on Galatea, doting on Galsior, or roaring with Sancho Panza, riding on a trusty barb conceited of his burden, pursuing the falcon which will not come back even for the love of her, sweet eyes, preferring to peck out these and the heart of his quarry in the wilds of the far-off wold unseen and out of call-shot (graceless and ungrateful falcon—or better, vile and scurvy hawk—or better, cautious carrion-sucking "haggard"—(Shakspere)—that leavest such soft quarters as the maiden's fist without a wail, a sigh, a vale!) sailing blithely in a golden boat that gently parts the bosom of the sparkling Guadalquivir (the only Spanish river that would seem to have excited the poets from Byron to Bunn)—whether, indeed, she be eating, drinking, or fasting, doing penance in tears, or exulting at a feast—whether one, or any, or all, or none of these (the reader will pardon our cutting short the catalogue), whether one, or any, or all, or none of these be the theme or themes supposed to occupy the attention, and fill the soul of the Spanish maiden; composers of music, German, Italian, French, and English, all, in short, but Spanish, who should know best, typify the fact in the bounding strains of a bolero. Why this should be, we beseech Nigri to explain, since, to express his theme—the yearning for home afore-said—he puts into the mouth of his maiden a bolero, the one half of which, by right of notes, belongs to Spohr's *Jessonda* ("Amid the battle's raging"), and the other half whereof is a bolero, or part of a bolero, of his own imagining. In anticipation of his answer, we may say that Nigri's bolero, as it stands, is a good bolero; although, being lively and tripping, it is somewhat out of sorts with the words, which are moody and moony. Overlook this, and take into account that Nigri has skilfully hit the capacity of nine voices out of ten, and the "Spanish Maiden" may pass for something better than herself.

"LOVE, ART THOU WAKING OR SLEEPING?"—Serenade. Written by J. BIRD, Esq. Composed by WILLIAM WARREN.—H. WHITE.

The words of this serenade are pretty and well written, and the music is pretty and well written; but the poet, Mr. Bird, to use a homely phrase, has cabbaged a couplet of one of Shelley's sweetest lyrics; while the composer, Mr. William Warren, to employ a higher style of parlance, has brushed off the bloom from one of Macfarren's most beautiful songs, and re-laid it upon the shoulders of his own tune; but, meanwhile, the sun has dried it up, and instead of bloom it becomes mildew, and gives an air of sickly staleness to Mr. Warren's effusion. The poet's appropriation may be traced to the little poem, "On a faded Violet," the leading ideas of which Shelley has developed in several of his minor lyrics; and the musician's intermeddling may be recognised in the cavatina from *Don Quixote*, "Ah! why do we Love?" Apart from these de-considerations, which it is difficult to separate from our idea of the song, "Love, art thou waking or sleeping?" may pass as a favourable specimen of its class.

"LET THE HEART BE GAY."—Ballad. Written by J. W. LAKE, Esq. Composed by J. BLEWITT.—H. WHITE.

Messrs. Lake and Blewitt, on the other hand, conscious of their

own resources, disdain to trespass on their neighbour's orchard, plucking their own fruit in their own garden, and laying it before their friends at dessert with the fuller complacency. In his poetry Mr. Lake expresses a wish "that the heart be gay," and expresses it after a manner of his own, commanding the "harp of pleasure" to be struck, and care banished, for surely "mirth is nature's treasure;" and in the last distich he declares, that "like an angel bright, love adorns with roses"—what Mr. Lake refrains from expounding, as one who says, why should the poet write down all, and leave nothing to the imagination of his hearers? The veteran, J. Blewitt, has supplied a strain to be commended, if only for its downright English character, and in the ritornella, by means of arpeggios disposed in small notes, he has given upon the piano the effect, as it were, of a harp. We like this song, which is well suited for a vigorous tenor in good condition, since there is not an ounce of pretence or affectation about it.

"CONTENTMENT."—SONG—EDWARD DEANE.—Wessel and Co.

There is an easy *nonchalance* about the melody of Mr. Edward Deane's song, which sorts well with the theme of the poet. At the same time, it is sufficiently tuneful and vocal, and were the accentuation a little more varied, we should have no point to criticise. The incessant repetition of a crotchet followed by a quaver, through seven pages, becomes monotonous at page 2. This is a pity, since the accompaniment, a species of *perpetuo* in semiquavers, is written with remarkable cleverness and thorough feeling for harmony. But here, also, in the bass, the prevalence of the crotchet-quaver is too great, and affects the monotony of the voice part. Much of this might have been avoided if Mr. Deane, at the episode, "Oh be happy while you may," which is very charming, changed his measure and accent as well as his key. But, unhappily, he continues his 1, 2,—3, and so loses the chance afforded him. In stating these objections, we feel bound to qualify them with the ready allowance that, "Contentment" is in a much better school and shows a much higher musical feeling, than the great mass of songs which come under our notice.

## ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MURRAY GARTSHORE.

The March winds eddying whirled  
Around her grave;  
Chill as the heart's despair  
That could not save.

Others like her, so young,  
To death have gone;  
Others as bright, as pure,  
Have laid them down.

But none more deeply loved;  
To friends and fame,  
Endeared by every act,  
That bore her name.

The turf will spring again,  
As lightly shed  
As if no sod had moved  
For that fair head.

The woods still fill'd with birds,  
Who carol clear,  
Though one sweet voice is hush'd  
For ever here.

Many who heard that strain,  
In passed hour,  
Oh! can they too forget  
Its thrilling power?

All nightingales that sing,  
Or night, or day,  
Can they console for her  
Now passed away?

Ah, life! succession strange—  
Shadow, and dream—  
To die, and be forgot,  
A bitter theme.

Yet looking on her grave,  
Such dark thoughts cease;  
I read upon its cross,  
"Mary in peace."

F. CARTWRIGHT.

### THE FIRST PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

The season commenced on Monday evening, with a full room and an average programme. The subscription, it appears, continues prosperous, and the directors continue obstinate. Who can blame them? So long as they can attract subscribers, so long will the general body be satisfied with their legislation. Meanwhile, the progress of that art, for the benefit of which the Philharmonic Society was professedly instituted, is left to newspaper discussion, the Sacred Harmonic Society, and Mr. John Ella. The Philharmonic is a Society incorporated, as it were, not for the object of advancing the interests of music, but for the annual performance of a stereotyped series of symphonies and overtures, and the annual appearance of a certain social circle of instrumental soloists and vocalists. Under this system the heartiest good-fellowship prevails, and the intrusion of any strange elements into the consolidated union is as rare as it is unwelcome. The advantages derived from this well-knit scheme, by the members and associates of the Society, who are not component parts thereof, may easily be estimated. An eager calculator, who, in the heat of his enthusiasm, should propose to represent them by a sign denoting the smallest possible quantity, would exceed the truth. In fact, no advantages are derived by any body whatever, except by the members of the social circle alluded to, and those whom they may be pleased to patronise. But this has nothing to do with the concert of Monday, of which the following was the programme:—

#### PART I.

Sinfonia in D, No. 2. . . . . Mozart.  
Aria, "Ah, già trascorse il dì" (Zelmira), Mr. Whitworth . . . . . Rossini.

Septett, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Violoncello, Contrabasso, Clarinet, Bassoon, and Horn; Messrs. Sainton, Hill, Lucas, Howell, Williams, Baumann, and C. Harper . . . . . Beethoven.  
Aria, "Amor nel mio pènar" (Flavio) Miss Dolby . . . . . Handel.  
Overture, "Oberon" . . . . . Weber.

#### PART II.

Sinfonia in C minor, No. 1 . . . . . Mendelssohn.  
Aria, "Se il nostro pianto" (Il Seraglio) Mr. Lockey . . . . . Mozart.  
Duetto, "Ah, tu non sai" (Margherita D'Anjou) . . . . . Meyerbeer.  
Miss Dolby and Mr. Whitworth . . . . .  
Overture, "Leonora-Fidelio" . . . . . Beethoven.

Of the performance generally we regret our inability to speak in terms of great enthusiasm. Visitors are now excluded from rehearsals; but, unless a manifest improvement in the execution be gained, we are at a loss to estimate the value of this reform. We observed nothing to indicate that such was the case in Monday's concert. Mozart's symphony was played

with the utmost steadiness, precision, and correctness of time, but without the requisite light and shade. The overture to *Oberon* was a blustering performance, in which the brass instruments carried off the palm, maintaining their right to be heard with a clamour that admitted of no denial. Mendelssohn's symphony, which, being rarely performed, should have been more carefully rehearsed, was not nearly so well played as that of Mozart. The *intermezzo* in G minor, instead of being given, almost throughout, *pianissimo*, was played *mezzo-forte* quite throughout, besides being taken much too slow, which, in a great measure, robbed it of its character. The best executed movement was the *andante* in E flat, in which the solo instruments being liberally employed, individual, instead of general, exertion was brought into request. The *allegro* and finale were both executed with a certain energy, but without refinement or variety of tone. The first movement was loud throughout, though the phrases which compose the second subject (divided among the wind instruments) were inaudible. In the finale one fine point was completely obtained; the *staccato* theme for stringed instruments, preceding and afterwards combining with a phrase allotted to the clarinet. Here the *piano* was perfection, and suggested the questions, if once, why not always?—if here, why not everywhere? Beethoven's overture was scrambled through, and made no impression. The Septet was excellently played, as might have been expected from the names of the performers, but was altogether out of place. Our opinion of the impolicy of introducing chamber music at these concerts is well known, and need not be repeated. The vocal music was well selected and well sung; but there was too much of it. The three songs were all slow songs, and the duet as long as the three songs together.

We have called the above an average selection, by which term we would not have it understood that the music was not of the highest order; but the combination was unhappy, the pieces were ill-balanced with respect to each other, and the consequent effect was dull and unsatisfactory, and this without reference to the merits or demerits of the execution. The overture of Beethoven, being unfamiliar to the band and the audience, it was exceedingly unwise to place it last. That of *Oberon* might have occupied the last place with advantage, since, being of an *ad captandum* character, it does not exercise that strain upon the attention which, in the case of such an overture as the *Leonora Fidelio*, is inevitable. The *Leonora Fidelio* (as the directors call it) is one of the overtures to his single opera, which the difficult judgment of Beethoven rejected, and exhibits the shadow of the general plan (coming overtures cast their shadows before) and the germs of many of the effects of the splendid prelude, universally recognised as *Leonora*. It was, therefore, too interesting a piece to be placed at the fag end of a long concert, as a retreating march to celebrate the early departures. It was not surprising that the audience, under these circumstances, should have entirely failed to appreciate it. Imperfectly as it was performed on the whole, the greatest and most satisfying point in the concert was Mendelssohn's first symphony, which, though one of the earliest of his works, is also one of those most characteristic of him, and without making any allowances for youth or inexperience (it was written between the age of 14 and 15) is one of the most masterly and gorgeous pieces for the orchestra ever composed.

MUSIC AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—A statue of "Bavaria," is to be one of the things exposed in the Crystal Palace—a statue of such colossal proportions that six and twenty musicians are to play in its head.—*Credat Judeus.*



**Original Correspondence.***(To the Editor of the Musical World.)*

SIR,—In reply to your Correspondent, "An Amateur," the following is the correct title of the Song he wants, by *Fr. Zeiller*, "Die Nachtigall," song for one voice with accompaniment, piano-forte and violoncello, or horn, Op. 1; published by Diebelli and Co., Vienna.

I think the song may be got at Ewer's, Newgate Street.

I am, your obedient Servant,  
116, George-street, Edinburgh,  
3rd March, 1851. D. HAMILTON.

**THE REID CONCERT.***(To the Editor of the Musical World.)*

Edinburgh, 28th Feb., 1851.

SIR,—Being a constant subscriber to your Journal, I have before me your account of the performances at the Reid Concert in this City, and am greatly surprised to see it contain statements utterly at variance with what I myself witnessed at the Concert, and with the remarks of the Edinburgh Newspapers.

You say, "The orchestra was certainly composed of great talent"—I did not observe a single person of "great talent," in the orchestra, although there are not wanting such in Edinburgh. It was nothing more than the ordinary orchestra of the Musical Association, minus their conductor and best violoncello. The party who officiated as conductor being the same that usually plays first violin, and who on this occasion, as I understand, assumed the baton for the first time. "He performed his duties steadily and satisfactorily." It was apparent to every one present that the utter unsteadiness of the orchestra greatly distressed both Ernst and Angri, so much so, that the former, when encoired in his fantasia from *Otello*, declined to repeat it, but gave, instead, a piece without accompaniment. And Madlle. Angri, in the song from *Lucrezia*, repeatedly turned to the conductor in apparent remonstrance. You indeed confess that the orchestra was "weak in some parts particularly the chorus," weak enough, certainly—but chorus there was none.

The only way in which I can account for the statements in the "Musical World" being so totally at variance with what actually took place is on the alternative supposition that either your "own Correspondent" was not present at the Concert, and wrote in ignorance—or that he wrote not for the information of the public, but for the purpose of puffing "the first music-seller in the Empire." The Reid Concerts will continue, as hitherto, to be to a certain extent, jobbed, until the Professor takes the management on himself.

I send you two Edinburgh papers containing what every one that witnessed the Concert must consider very mild remarks on the orchestral doings—and beg to compare them in that respect with your "own Correspondent."

If I am to judge of the veraciousness of your Musical critiques generally, from the nature of this, in which I have chanced to be able to judge for myself, I must consider them calculated, not to inform, but entirely to mislead.

I remain, Sir,

A SUBSCRIBER TO YOUR PAPER.

P.S.—I enclose my name and address.

**OLD FLUTES AND NEW.***To the Editor of the Musical World.*

SIR,—There is a great deal of common-sense and good feeling in the letters of your Correspondent, Marayas; but it appears to me that he aims more at pointing out and bewailing the unfortunate differences of opinion amongst flautists, than suggesting any means of healing them; while one or two of his remarks are not unlikely to make matters even worse. He says, "I believe there are very few of our English Flute professors who are not in some way or the other interested in the sale of instruments." This observation, combined with the tenor of his last letter, cannot fail to create an unfavourable impression against flautists, which they do not deserve. With two exceptions, namely, Mr. Carte of the firm of Rudall and Rose, and Mr. Card, of St. James's-street, Pic-

cadilly, I believe no London professor has any interest, more than the ordinary interest of the profession, in the sale or manufacture of flutes—although each may have his favourite instrument and manufacturer. Though I acquit Marsyas of any intention to offend, I fear there are many who would feel aggrieved at the imputations thrown out in his last letter. He has placed two contradictory opinions in juxtaposition; but has made no effort to enlighten your readers as to the real state of the case. Mr. Clinton says, in his Treatise upon the Flute, &c., &c., that the open-keyed system is productive of veiled sounds. Some months after the publication of that work, Mr. Carte brings out a similar one, called, "A Sketch of the Flute," &c., in which, he says that the open-keyed system is totally free from such mischief. Thus direct contradiction is given to Mr. Clinton's statement. Now, Sir, I have played upon the Boehm Flute for some time, and I can, therefore, assert, without fear of contradiction, that Mr. Clinton's *exposé* of that subject is strictly true. He says, that in rapid passages the fingers have so constantly to be retained upon their various holes and keys, that the Boehm Flute, although nominally an open-keyed flute, becomes virtually a shut-keyed instrument; and the undeniable proof of his assertion is given by Mr. Carte himself, in his Book of *Instructions for the Boehm Flute*, in which there is scarcely an exercise without examples of exceptional fingering, which result in a veiling of sound. In reference to the contradictory opinions between the tone of the wood and metal flute, there is a greater appearance of reason, as a sound which is pleasing to one ear may be harsh to another, and counter statements frequently enable us to form our own judgment with tolerable accuracy. I know nothing personally of either Mr. Clinton or Mr. Carte, but I know that though the Clinton Treatise has afforded me considerable information and enlightenment (for which, by the way, I have to thank you, as my attention was drawn to it from your favourable notice), neither of them will induce me to relinquish my present Boehm Flute, made by Godfroid, of Paris. I have changed my fingering once, and will never be induced to do it again. Trusting that you will spare me a corner in your entertaining and instructive periodical,

I remain, Sir, your constant reader,  
Clerkenwell Green.

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**ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.***To the Editor of the Musical World.*

SIR,—Having heard the dinners of the Royal Society of Musicians extolled as among the best of such entertainments in the metropolis, and feeling some interest in the objects of the society, I attended the anniversary meeting on the 7th inst. For public dinners in general I have no affection; to my mind they always convey impressions of magnificent dulness and lukewarm cheer—soups ambiguous, fish promiscuous, sauce difficult—everybody scrambling, everybody grumbling, everybody wishing for something, and everybody getting what they don't want, and nobody what they rightly stand in need of. Then those poor waiters! It was quite wretched to witness their efforts on the present occasion, to hear how everybody abused them. Does no society "dine" (excuse the allusion) at the Freemasons' Hall, except the Royal Society of Musicians? You will say that I am fastidious, but no—I remember that I paid one and twenty shillings for a dinner; and if I only could believe that three parts of that sum (or even two parts—or even one part—or even a fraction) would be applied to some charitable purpose, I should not utter a word of discontent. But knowing this not to be the case, I claim a right to grumble at having paid a guinea for a shocking bad dinner—ill cooked, ill served, and hard of digestion, and accompanied by wine of most indifferent flavour. A chapter on public dinner grievances, however, not being my present object, let me return to the Royal Society of Musicians.

The entertainment, in a musical way, was excellent; that alone was worth the guinea, and but for the wine would have helped to digest the dinner comfortably. The President of the day was the Earl of Carlisle, than whom a more efficient could not have been found. His eloquence and gentlemanly tone delighted every one. So far, all went well—but every good thing has some "drawback." In this case, it came in the person of an energetic little man, of Italian aspect, who, under pretext of proposing the

chairman's health, inflicted his tediousness and empty loquacity upon the whole company for upwards of half an hour. I never, in the whole course of my life, listened to such a mass of disjointed rhapsodies. I really pitied the distinguished nobleman to whom this ovation was addressed, and should have felt still more mortified had I thought for one moment that the speaker was really looked upon as the acknowledged representative of the general intelligence of the Society. What on earth could have induced the committee to appoint such an advocate? Pertinacious as the orator was, his garrulity would not have been so intolerably tiresome, had he confined himself to the subject matter of the meeting, instead of doing which, he rambled in "admirable disorder" over every topic but the appropriate one—liberally apostrophising all our great warriors, kings, statesmen and literati, from William the Conqueror, who objected to candles, down to William Pitt, who founded the National Debt. To the House of Brunswick he seemed well affected; nor did he omit to declare his approbation of Sir Robert Peel.

Had I not cause, Mr. Editor, to feel annoyed that so much of the evening should have been engrossed by this preposterous preacher, who, by the way, preluded his announcement of the various donations with precise and minute confessions of the exact amount of intimacy he, the preacher, enjoyed with the respective donors. If the Secretary and Treasurer be too modest, or too timid, to address such a meeting, they should depute the task to some competent speaker, who may have the good sense to remember, that egotism and prolixity are not the *principal* qualifications for addressing an assembly—even an assembly of musicians.

I am, Sir,

DINER-OUT.

#### A NATIONAL OPERA.

(Continued from our last.)

In pursuance of the remarks in last week's number, we would begin by observing that to touch on any musical subject in point, is to walk on a heavily-charged mine, which, when least expected, may explode, according as one of the many conflicting interests may be considered slighted by its lynx-eyed guardians, or one of the innumerable but unconfessed jealousies which unfortunately exist aroused, perhaps by an unguarded word. It is difficult at all times to get rivals to coalesce, and hardly less so to persuade artistes that there is no absolute necessity for rivalry. The obvious consequence of want of unanimity is to reduce a general question to an individual one, and, unconsciously making self the basis, musicians proceed to build up schemes which are incompatible with the interests of the profession, and suicidal to all efforts at establishing a National Opera on a permanent plan. "*Chacun pour soi et Dieu pour tous*," is a sentiment by far too prevalent; it is the essence of dissension, and its adoption has hitherto held music in an equivocal position. We would wish to see the profession elevated; but unfortunately musicians are split into too many parties to encourage us to hope for unanimity in that quarter; yet union is the source of strength.

It is not our intention to chronicle the "decline and fall" of English opera, since we desire to look forward; but we allude to it *en passant*, in the hopes of being able to trace some reasonable cause for its present unhappy condition. No doubt, success depends on circumstances beyond control, and contingencies which the cleverest cannot foresee; but we question whether this will apply in the present instance. It would be unfair to throw the entire blame of failure on managers—equally so to lay the reproach solely on the artistes—and not less so to accuse the public. The public, and especially the London public, has too much discrimination to put up with the same mediocre entertainment day after day, and soon seeks amusement elsewhere. Finding second-rate artistes playing characters which should be sustained

by first-rate talent, the public abandons them to empty houses. On the other hand, if the receipts of the house render managers unable to afford the exorbitant terms which first-rate artistes are too prone to exact, there is no alternative but to engage inferior artistes. Hence the injury to the credit and reputation of English opera, by associating it, in a great measure, with names of little or no standing. It is but too clear where the blame of failure rests in this point of view. But in an article which professes to treat of English opera in a national point of view, to escape all imputation of party advocacy, it is better to avoid individualising. We shall, therefore, merely allude without naming, to those English composers whose fame and recognised talents are a sure guarantee of their ability to support with credit the reputation of a National Opera, if once more fairly started. It should be a subject of regret, however, that there is a lack of good *libretto* writers to support them—one reason why English operas, generally speaking, are often uninteresting. The *libretto* of an opera produced with great success little more than a year ago at the Princess's, promised to redeem in a measure this deficiency; but (though we do not mean this observation to apply to the case cited, but lay it down as a general rule which may partially account for the want of operatic authors) where there is no field for exertion, talent lies dormant, and idleness is more prejudicial even than a too frequent and rapid production.

Of course the same reasons which seal our lips regarding composers, bind us to silence respecting the merits of English singers, who might form great and valuable attractions to the public. It is quite certain that we can find singers enough whose past careers place beyond question their power to represent worthily any works they may be called on to perform.

To place English opera on the stage again with a fair prospect of success, an effort should, we think, be made without regard to immediate profit on the part of managers and artistes, and we would especially endeavour to impress on the latter the necessity of doing something for the love of their art, recommending them to look less to the amount of remuneration than to the stability and prosperity of the undertaking, which they would by their talents help to bring to a successful issue.

It should not be forgotten that the taste for English opera has fallen greatly into abeyance from the ill-advised attempts to keep it before the public; that it has been driven from one theatre to another—now finding a refuge at the Surrey, now forced into unhealthy existence at the Marylebone, until at last, English opera is reduced to make an évanescent appearance on the boards of the Soho Theatre, supported by novices and amateurs. Like all matters of luxury and refinement, the taste for English opera requires to be fostered, which must at first be effected by the united exertions of the musical profession. The recent unfortunate efforts to prop it up have rendered this more than ever necessary. "*Aud Caesar aut nullus*," should be its motto, and if it cannot assume its proper rank it is better it should cease to exist.

But we have the materials at hand necessary to force a correct public taste, and place English opera in its proper sphere. The indulgence of the public need not be solicited for the untried efforts of novices, while we have artistes of known talent and reputation to sustain the credit of the undertaking. All the component parts of the machine are ready. It requires but the aid of some enterprising and judicious manager, acting in co-operation with the principal music publishers, and the first artistes, to put them together and set the whole in motion, with, we feel convinced, a very fair prospect of a prosperous result.



It would argue extreme folly to run the risk of certain failure, by exposing new works to the peril of condemnation through the incapacity of inexperienced performers. If anything is to be done for English opera it must be on a scale commensurate with its pretensions. The best of everything should be had, and the theatre raised to such a standard as to render it an object of ambition to appear in it, not degraded to such a state as to make it impossible for any artiste of standing to join it without derogating in professional rank. We are aware that under existing circumstances this cannot be accomplished without zealous co-operation on all sides. There are some, we know, among the musical profession who are willing to assist in any feasible scheme that may be suggested to remedy the evil, and well would it be if all its members entertained as liberal views on this subject as we have heard expressed by those whose names alone are guarantees of strength. With such a disposition generally evinced, the establishment of English opera on a scale honorable to its character, and to the profession, would scarcely present a single difficulty. But our concluding remarks must be reserved for a future occasion.

(To be continued.)

### Dramatic Intelligence.

**HAYMARKET.**—This theatre was crowded by all the playing community on Saturday night, the cause of attraction being Mr. J. W. Wallack, the "celebrated American tragedian," as he was styled in the bills, who made his first appearance in *Othello*. Mr. J. W. Wallack is a nephew of Mr. James Wallack, and son of Mr. Henry Wallack, the popular actor and sometime manager. Mr. J. W. Wallack is a young man, and has been serving his theatrical noviciate on the American stage. From all we know of the American stage, we are inclined to the opinion, that a juvenile artist might have chosen many other arenas on which his talent and capacities would have been developed with more purpose. Miss Cushman, the most accomplished tragedian who ever came to this country from across the Atlantic, with all her art and judgment, could not free herself from those faults of style and manner which are apparently ineradicable in one who has studied histrionism in Yankee-land. Mr. J. W. Wallack is a bold man to have undertaken so difficult a part as that of *Othello* for his first essay. The character of the Moor has proved *caviare* to most of our great performers, including John Kemble, Cooke, Young, and, it may be said, Macready. Nevertheless, every actor has his speciality, and having his speciality, has a pet part; and we suppose that *Othello* is a pet part with Mr. J. W. Wallack. Mr. J. W. Wallack has many advantages to befit him for tragedy. His figure is tall and commanding, his face handsome and highly expressive (that is, as far as we could see through the ochre), his voice sonorous and of good compass, his motions easy, and his attitudes graceful. His acting betokens great energy and determination, and he is certainly no imitator—at least no imitator of the Kemble, Kean, or Macready school. Here are many and unmistakable requisitions to become a first-rate actor, and yet has not Mr. J. W. Wallack arrived at that desirable point of the artist's hope. In the first place, we are not entirely satisfied with the management of his voice. The tone is partly nasal and partly guttural, betraying something of the Jonathan peculiarity—a fault, perhaps, unavoidable after playing for some years in American theatres. Neither is the voice always happily managed in the contrasts, nor does it modulate itself effectively to all occasions. This was evident

on Saturday night, more especially in the tender passages with which *Othello* abounds. Mr. J. W. Wallack has yet to learn to draw the line between the pathetic and the lachrymose. Of Mr. J. W. Wallack's graver faults, as undue emphasis, false cadence, errors of judgment and conception, we are less willing to discuss the merits, as, having seen him in one part only, we may not be so competent to form an opinion. Much allowance must be made, too, for a first appearance, and under circumstances of a peculiar nature, to which we need not allude further, than by saying, the young actor was induced to appear at a particularly unfavourable moment. In pointing out Mr. J. W. Wallack's deficiencies, we are influenced by no other consideration than that of drawing his attention to them, that it may lead to improvement. It were easy for us, following the example of a contemporary, noted for its startling opinions on theatrical performers, to laud Mr. J. W. Wallack's *Othello* in uncompromising terms, but we should thereby wrong the evidence of our own senses, and do the actor no good. Let Mr. Wallack avoid those golden-mouthed would-be friends, who attempt to cry him up as an already accomplished artist, having little or nothing to learn, and turn an attentive ear to the stern, but wholesome counsels of those who take the trouble to indicate the stones and stumbling-blocks scattered over the narrow and difficult pathway that leads to the temple of fame. *Verbum sap.*

Mr. J. W. Wallack obtained a most flattering reception on Saturday night. On his *entrée*, he immediately prepossessed the whole audience in his favour. His well-turned figure and commanding height, his calm and dignified bearing, and the splendour of his dress (for even by such things is popular approval won), made a decided impression. In the first act, *Othello* rather feels (or should feel) his way with the spectators, than enlists their immediate sympathies, and Mr. J. W. Wallack had the good sense to refrain from "making points" at the expense of the character—a fault too often to be ascribed to some of our best actors, who cannot have patience and bide their time, and do full justice to the poet's conception. In the speech before the senate, Mr. J. W. Wallack would have been more impressive had he been more simple and unstudied. His gesticulations, too, might have been less redundant, and his voice less violently forced. A too frequent shaking of the head—a trick of custom—must be avoided. The last line,

"This only is the witchcraft I have used,"

was a grand redeeming point. It was delivered with so much earnestness and downright meaning, with so much simplicity and propriety, and in so perfectly natural a tone of voice, as to elicit a spontaneous and hearty cheer of applause. It was evident that interest was mingled with the curiosity excited by the young actor, and that the audience was determined to give him fair play. The remainder of the first act presented nothing striking; nor does the whole of the second act call for any particular observation. We could have willingly dispensed with Mr. J. W. Wallack's saltatory display, when *Othello* rushes to meet Desdemona at Cyprus. This was infinitely more amusing than natural or dignified. We liked very well the line, or semi-line,

"My life upon her faith!"—

it was hearty and impulsive. In the scene where *Othello* interrupts the combat between Cassio and Montano, Mr. J. W. Wallack's declamation was far too measured and stilted, if we may use the word. His exit was, however, well done. The third act, take it altogether, was decidedly Mr. Wallack's best effort in the performance, although it by no means entirely satisfied us. We find great fault, for instance, in the delivery

of the grand farewell speech. The intense and overwhelming sorrow of the Moor seems to have escaped the comprehension of the actor, and a very puny, alleviable grief to have been substituted. What had Othello to do with weeping at such a moment? The fire of his wrath, to say nothing of his despair, would have dried up a Niobe of tears. There were several good points in the dialogue with Iago—though the tone of voice was not always regulated so as to give the truest notion of what the artist was expressing—and the speech commencing,

"Villain, be sure thou prove my love," &c.

was delivered with so much force and truthfulness as to bring down three distinct rounds of applause. This was the culminating point of Mr. Wallack's Othello, and of no other part have we to speak in terms of unmeasured praise. In the fourth and last acts there was much to commend and something to except; but we must not follow the performance too minutely in detail. It is enough to say that Mr. J. W. Wallack was rapturously received at the end, and, to all appearance, achieved a signal success.

Mr. James Wallack performed Iago in his wonted careful and solid manner. There is not much of the fiend in Mr. James Wallack, but there is plenty of the man. Miss Laura Addison's Emilia was excellent; and Miss Reynolds was as attractive as ever in Desdemona. So was Mr. Selby in Roderigo. Thanks to Mr. Macready's departure, Mr. Selby has returned once more to Shakspeare in general, and Roderigo in particular.

On Monday next Mr. J. W. Wallack appears as Macbeth. This will be a more daring and a bolder attempt than Othello. Miss Laura Addison, we suppose, will be the Lady Macbeth. This will be a more daring and a bolder attempt on the part of the lady than Emilia. Well, everything must have a beginning, and what should hinder Miss Laura Addison from essaying Lady Macbeth? Nothing, that we know. We shall be glad to see Miss Laura Addison in a character that will tax her abilities to the uttermost.

### Provincial.

PLYMOUTH.—(From a Correspondent.)—On Monday the 10th inst., the gentlemen amateurs of the neighbourhood sustained the principal parts of the well known drama, *Don Cesar de Bazan*. The performance, for the benefit of the manager Mr. J. R. Newcombe, drew a crowded house. Captain Disney Roebuck as Don Cesar, a part he has frequently played with great success, was loudly cheered at the principal points of the play. In the course of the entertainment, Miss Emily Newcombe performed on the piano with equal taste and execution, "Souvenirs de la Sonnambule," "Souvenirs d'i Capuletti," and the national quadrilles; after which, the amateurs again presented themselves in the farce, *You can't Marry your Grandmother*. Lieutenant Warren, R.N., as Algernon Bloomly, and Lieutenant Heysham, 13th M.N.I., as Ready, displayed self possession rarely to be met with in amateurs; and kept the house in a ceaseless roar of merriment. *The Review*, or *the Ways of Windsor*, concluded the performance.

DORCHESTER.—The last concert for the season of the Dorchester Philharmonic Society, took place on Thursday evening at the Town-hall, and attracted a numerous audience. If we may judge from the interest these concerts create, we should certainly affirm that a relish for classical music (which is their distinguishing feature) is on the increase in Dorchester, and it must be matter of regret to many that the present highly successful season is now brought to a close. The performances commenced with Haydn's Surprise Symphony, capably rendered by the band; and the spirit with which the different movements were given, reflected the highest credit on

the leader, Mr. Smith, to whose exertions, if we mistake not, we are indebted for the original foundation of this society, and for a considerable share of its subsequent success. Miss Ransford next delighted the audience with "Bel Raggio;" and subsequently, in "Love rules the Palace," established herself in the admiration of her hearers. Mr. R. Linter, who conducted, in his "Anticipations of Scotland," made us perfectly satisfied with England and English musicians, which feeling was fully confirmed during the evening while listening to several instances of his execution on the piano-forte.

HULL.—On Monday an operatic company commenced their engagement at the theatre, by the performance of *Maritana*, Mrs. Alexander Newton taking the part of Gitana. Her voice, though not naturally full and powerful, is very sweet and under good control, and there is a refinement about her singing which satisfies the ear. Mr. Travers, as Don Cesar, filled the character with spirit and ease. There is rather too much of effort in his singing, but on the whole it is effective. His cavatina, "Yes, let me like a soldier fall," was re-demanded, and so was his song, "There is a flower that bloometh," in the same act. Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, who sustained respectively the parts of Don Jose and Lazarillo, are already favourably known here, and deserve the reception accorded to them. Besides being a correct and careful singer, Mr. Weiss possesses a deep, powerful voice, and in the choruses is a host in himself. Mrs. Weiss manages a rich, full organ with tact and feeling. With Mr. Travers they sang admirably the trio in the second act, "Turn on, old Time," which was loudly encored. Mr. R. Latter, as the king, displayed a pleasing voice, but there is a formality in his acting of which he should endeavour to free himself. The opera went off very well, and was repeated last night. On Tuesday, the *Daughter of the Regiment* was performed, Mrs. Weiss sustaining the principal part.

WORCESTER.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Harrowby, and nine other gentlemen, have consented to act as stewards at the ensuing Musical Festival. Much less difficulty has been experienced in obtaining the required number of stewards on this than on any former occasion, and there is an evident determination among all ranks that these festivals shall be maintained in their full integrity. The guarantee fund already exceeds 600*l*.

Some years ago I had an opportunity of judging personally of the style of Indian music, which perfectly correspond with the description given by Mr. Weld and Captain Cook. There were six Indian warriors and their chiefs, who exhibited the various dances of their country. They were dressed in full costume, with their bows and arrows, spears, clubs, and tomahawks; their arms and ankles were encircled with a great variety of ornaments, and beads of different descriptions, which, on account of their being put on loosely, caused a rattling sound on the least motion. They were, in the first place, seated round a fire smoking their tomahawks in deliberate consultation, which continued some time. On a signal given, they all arose, and commenced what they termed the dance of peace, and the chief acted as musician, playing on his tamtum, or little drum, with the greatest gravity, the warriors keeping time with their bodies, and displaying their activity by various figures. After the dance of peace or amity was over, it appeared that they could not come to any amicable terms, (for it was supposed they were two conflicting tribes), for after another short consultation it was decided that they could not settle the point in dispute without having recourse to arms. On a signal being given, the chief again took the tamtum, and commenced his tune for war. The warriors then seized each his club, tomahawk, or whatever weapon he chose to fight with, and the two tribes danced together, flourishing their instruments of war before the enemy, menacing each other with the most terrific screeching and yells; and the violence of their actions were more like a set of demons than human beings; and when they had arrived at the greatest pitch of excitement, the battle commenced, with all the horrors of Indian warfare, the chief continuing his tune, and exciting them to battle by the different short and quick beats of his tamtum. The scene was true to nature.—*Tomlinson's Lectures on Ancient Music*.



## Foreign.

PARIS.—(From our own Correspondent).—At the last concert in the Salle St. Cecile, under the direction of M. Seghers, there were some quaint features. A chorus in four parts, called "Amaryllis," attributed to Louis XIII., who consoled himself for Richelieu's ascendancy in the pursuit of the fine arts, and especially music, proved that the weak predecessor of the "Grand Monarque" who ruined France so splendidly, could write music with as little pretensions to melody, as any of his professional cotemporaries, one of whom most probably wrote it for him. Three fragments from *Le Ballet comique de la Roynie*, composed by one Balthazar de Beaujoyeulx, director of music to Catherine de Medicis, were neither *beaux nor joyeux*, but *lairs* and *lugubres*; in short, Balthazar de Laidlugubre would have been a fitter name for this melancholy musician. These pieces sound all the tamer from coming after Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, which was played with spirit. M. Seghers conducts well, but his orchestra is anything but perfect. Mlle. Iweins d'Hennin, a very good concert singer, in an air by Nicolo Isouard, from *Jeannot et Colin*, and a ballad from Weber's *Preciosa*, showed both feeling and vocal talent. A symphony in C Major, by M. Henri Reber, a musician who is the idol of a certain exclusive party here, did not make any great impression. It is excessively laboured, although it contains some good orchestral effects. The overture and triumphal March of Ferdinand Ries, a piece of vapid bombast, concluded the concert somewhat scurvily. M. Weckerlin, associated with M. Seghers in the management of the concerts St. Cecile, is the antiquary who fished up Louis XIII. and Balthazar de Beaujoyeulx from the depths of oblivion.

A young pianist, Mlle. Charlotte de Malleville, whose talent is further remarkable for its classical bias, has resumed her performances of chamber-music in Sax's concert-room. Mozart, Beethoven, and Handel, were the great names in the programme at the first concert. French pianists, however, appear to believe that Handel never wrote anything else for the Clavecin, but the "Harmonious Blacksmith" with variations.

A new opera in three acts, by Ambroise Thomas, is in active rehearsal at the *Opera Comique*. M. Thomas seems now to be the man in vogue. The *Caid* laid the foundation of his fortune, and the *Songe d'une Nuit d'Été* accomplished it. The *Demon de la Nuit*, by M. Rosenhain, was promised for Wednesday; it is completely ready. M. Gounod's *Sappho* is also very forward. Cerrito and St. Leon having left for Madrid, their place is filled *pro tempore* by Flora Fabbri (who was introduced by Mr. Bunn to a London audience, in 1846), and Mlle. Taglioni, who will shortly start for London. The *Tempesta* has been once more repeated, but the wounds of Mlle. Rosati having burst out afresh, it is indefinitely adjourned. At this representation the last scene of the opera (suppressed with the rest of the act on the first night), was restored by M. Scribe. Mlle. Duprez took her benefit on Monday, previous to her departure for London. Part of *Otello*, in which Duprez appeared, and an act of the *Barbiere* for Sontag, Lablache, and Calzolari were given. Calzolari is by this time on his way to London. Mr. Lumley has engaged M. Balanchi, a bass singer, pupil of Duprez. The pupils of Duprez are in vogue. M. Oswald, a barytone, appeared at the grand opera the other night, as Alphonso, in the *Favorite*, when Mlle. Masson, the charming *mezzo soprano* (also a pupil of Duprez) appeared for the second time since her *rentrée*. The *Enfant Prodigue* has been given twice since I wrote. Each time it is heard, new beauties are disclosed. The *Huguenots* has also been played, with Mad. Viardot and M. Roger.

Sims Reeves has arrived, and his *debut* is anticipated with the greatest curiosity. I think the great English tenor will have a triumphant success. Mad. Ugalde having quite disembarassed herself of the influenza, Halévy's *Dame de Pique* has been resumed, and divides the favor of the *habitués* of the *Opera Comique* with Grisar's amusing and vivacious *Bon soir Mons. Pantalon*, which has beat the *Porcherons* hollow. Mad. Montenegro made her *debut* at the *Italiani* on Tuesday.

It is impossible to mention half the concerts that are going on now in the *Carnaval* time. Alard has begun his quartets, quintets, trios, &c., at Sax's concert-room. These are very agreeable, but I must confess that the *toujours perdrix* system is too much adhered to. These French musicians seem either unaware or indifferent to the fact that such a composer as Mendelssohn exists. In Sax's room, as in the theatre of the *Conservatoire*, the same unpardonable apathy to the claims of this great composer exists. It should be added that the German artists, who know better, are either too cold or too jealous to enlighten the ignorance of their French *camarades*. M. Seghers and M. Felicien David, both excellent men, both require to be told that Mendelssohn has written other overtures besides *Melusina*. As for Berlioz, since he has established the *Union* he appears to have entirely forgotten his old fellow-student, or rather fellow-aspirant, in the ancient city. Has Berlioz *unremembered* Rome, and the *Walpurgis-Nacht*, and the symphony in A major, with the *tarantella* and the ghost-like slow-movement, and the *Isles of Fingal*, and twenty other things, wild, and wonderful, and beautiful, which at one period he was wont to speak of in terms of unmeasured eloquence such as belong to himself alone among musical critics? I had hoped that Berlioz, ere now, would have shewn Paris what Mendelssohn is, and read a lesson to the tardy and conceited and exclusive and bigoted *Conservatoire*. But alas! Berlioz is like other men; when the time comes the will dies! or perchance Spontini, the great Spontini, has engrossed his whole thoughts for the last two months. Julien should come to Paris and tell the connoisseurs what Mendelssohn has done.

*Valeria*, in which Rachel is two Rachels, has been a bone of contention. The meddling *Commission des Theatres* has taken exception to the piece, and proposed its suppression. All Paris laughs at the impertinence of this self-constituted power, which I have great hopes is on its last legs. They plead the falsification of history against the authors, MM. Lacroix (the poet), and Maquet (Alexander Dumas' most active collaborateur). These gentlemen, in constructing their drama, forgot to consult Suetonius and Tacitus, representing the wife of the Emperor Claudius as an injured woman, whose misfortunes arise from her exact resemblance to a courtesan named Lysisca. Rachel plays both parts, and it is as Lysisca that she sings the bacchic couplets for which M. Offenbach has written some very pale music, which only Rachel's genius could make effective. The idea of tying dramatists to the back of historians is quite new, and if carried out, would upset half the dramatic literature of Europe. MM. Lacroix and Maquet, in splitting the notorious Messalina into two personages, have shown boldness and ingenuity, and the *furor* created by the drama is a sufficient guarantee that the Parisian public does not share the pedantic objections of the *Commission des Theatres*. At all events the *Theatre Francais* is crowded to inconvenience, whenever *Valeria* is given, and Rachel has added a new laurel to her brow.

CARLSRUHE, (MARCH 3).—Herr Stigelli on his way to London, afforded us yesterday an opportunity of hearing him in a *Matinée*—a musical treat which we shall long remember.

The famous Tenor needs no comment of ours, but we may candidly express our opinion, that we consider him one of the first ballad vocalists living. Herr Stigelli gives a second concert to-morrow.

### Miscellaneous.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—Madlle. Caroline Duprez, accompanied by M. and Madame Duprez, reached London on Thursday. Calzolari, Signor Bianchi (a new basso), and Madame Fiorentini, are already at their posts. The season will open with *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in which Madlle. Duprez will make her debut. Auber's Grand Opera, *Gustave*, is in active preparation. Madlle. Duprez will perform the Page, and Madame Fiorentini, Madame Ankerstrom. A general rehearsal of the new *Ballet à la Watteau*, in which Amalia Ferraris will appear, has already taken place. Carlotta Grisi is expected in a few days from St. Petersburg. The opening night is fixed for Saturday the 22nd instant.

**MONSIEUR AND MADAME DELOFFRE** have arrived in town for the season. They met with the most flattering success at their Concerts in Paris.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The first performance of *Samson* on Tuesday, was greatly successful. Mr. Costa had bestowed his best energies on the themes, and besides writing additional accompaniments himself, managed the indispensable curtailment with rare skill. The execution was admirable on the part of band and orchestra, as on the part of the solo vocalists, Misses Birch and Dolby, Messrs. Lockey, Whitworth, and M. Phillips. *Samson*, so long kept in the back ground, is likely to follow close upon the heels of the *Messiah* and *Israel*, thanks to the Sacred Harmonic Society, and to Mr. Costa, its indefatigable director. It is announced for repetition on the 26th, when we shall enter fully into the merits both of the work and its performance at Exeter Hall. The attendance, on Tuesday night, was as full as the building could accommodate.

**MDLLE. ZINGGELER'S CONCERT.**—The young lady who gave this concert at Willis's rooms is afflicted with the dreadful calamity of blindness, and consequently labours under disadvantages unknown to her more favoured contemporaries. Mdle. Zinggeler possesses a mezzo soprano voice of sweetness and good quality, without much power, which requires training before its true flexibility and tone can be developed. The concert on Thursday evening was the means of introducing this vocalist to an English audience for the first time, but we understand her intention is to return immediately to Germany, so that there will be no further opportunity of judging her merits. The room was exceedingly well filled, and the audience apparently of a superior class. Mdle. Lavinia and Signor Marchesi received an encore in Rossini's "Dunque io sono," and Mdle. Zinggeler was recalled after a Swiss melody, which she replaced by another. The other singers were Mesdames Rummel, and Wagner, and Messrs. Drayton, Herbert, and Stockhausen, the last of whom gave some Swiss melodies in excellent style. Mr. J. Thomas was highly successful in a *fantasia* on airs from *Lucia*, for the harp. Herr Goffrie narrowly escaped an encore in De Beriot's *Tremolo*, which he performed with great spirit. He was also much applauded in two duets for violin and pianoforte, in which he was joined by his *cara sposa*, Mdme. Goffrie, who in her turn appeared to the audience through the medium of Schulloff's *Carnaval de Venice*. Made. Goffrie unites considerable powers of execution to expression and delicacy of touch. The piece she performed is replete with difficulties, all of which were easily set aside by the fair pianist, who gave the composer's meaning as the composer intended it should be conveyed. So that the *Carnaval* from Made. Goffrie's fingers fell neither dull nor spiritless upon the ear. The applause was most liberal. Herren Goffrie and Rummel were conductors; and we have reasons for believing that Mdle. Zinggeler's audience were throughout satisfied with their evening's performance.

**ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.**—The 113th anniversary festival of this useful society, which was established in 1738 for the relief of aged and indigent musicians, their widows and orphans, came off yesterday week at the Freemasons'-hall. A large number sat down

to dinner than has been known for some years, and the provisions supplied appeared to give general satisfaction. The president of the day was the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle, who, in returning thanks when his health was proposed by Mr. Rovedino, delivered a very eloquent discourse on the humanizing influence of music, which produced an edifying effect upon the assembly. From the general statement it appears that during the past year the sum of £2,676 17s. 9d. was received from interest of property, subscriptions, and donations, and £2,622 3s. 9d. expended in the objects of the society. The donations on the present occasion—headed, as usual, by a munificent gift from the great firm of Broadwood and Sons—was considerable, and the announcement of the various items was followed by applause proportionate to the amounts bestowed. After dinner *Non nobis Domine* was excellently sung by the company (nearly all professionals), and the series of toasts—loyal, special, and complimentary—was agreeably interspersed with musical performances, vocal and instrumental, of more than ordinary attraction. A very efficient band of wind instruments, under the direction of Mr. Harper, performed several times during the evening, and accompanied the singers in the National Anthem. The principal vocalists were Misses Dolby, Ellen Lyon, and Poole, Messrs. Lockey, Manvers, and a quartet of well known glee singers. The best glee was, "Get up, get up, for shame," a prize composition by Henry Smart. The best songs were Laura Barker's *cantata*, "Ida Ida," finely sung by Miss Dolby; "The watchword of Progress—Go on," by W. L. Phillips, which Mr. Lockey gave with the utmost spirit; and a ballad, called "Loving hearts," in which Miss Poole was deservedly encored. A *concertante* by Mayseder, for violin and piano, brilliantly executed by M. Sainton and Mrs. Anderson, was received with the loudest applause; Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," given with great force by Mr. Harper's band, was encored and repeated; and a solo on the clarinet by Mr. Lazarus, played in a masterly manner, elicited the loudest applause. Mr. Cipriani Potter presided at the pianoforte. The company remained till rather a late hour, and seemed greatly pleased with the musical entertainment. Mr. Anderson, who has succeeded Mr. Parry in the post of honorary treasurer, was indefatigable, both in superintending the musical arrangements and promoting the general convenience of the guests.—(From the Times.)

**GLOVER'S "JERUSALEM."**—We observe that this oratorio is shortly to be performed at Crosby Hall, London, and are glad to find that the Finsbury Sacred Harmonic Society has thought it worthy of its consideration. Works of as high character as the "Jerusalem" are not as ephemeral as cynics would have us believe. We hope that ere long Mr. Glover will make an effort to bring his second oratorio, "Emmanuel," before the public, and that it will be performed in a complete and effective manner.—*Manchester Examiner*.

**HERR OBERTHUR**, the well known harpist and composer, has arrived in London for the season.

**MR. C. R. WESSEL**, the eminent music publisher, has returned from Germany, where he has been travelling for the last four months in quest, we presume, of interesting novelties in his department. We have little doubt that Mr. Wessel has returned with his portfolio richly furnished, and that the musical public will speedily reap the advantage of his discoveries.

**SIGNOR CALZOLARI**, the accomplished *tenore di bravura* of her Majesty's Theatre, has arrived in town.

**HERR STIGELLI**, the Teutonic vocalist, has arrived in London, after singing at Milan and Verona with great success.

**RUBINI**.—This celebrated vocalist, we are happy to hear from Herr Stigelli, who was recently on a visit to him at his country house, has nearly recovered from his late illness.

**MR. MUHLENFELDT'S** first "Soirée" is announced to take place at the New Beethoven Rooms on Wednesday.—(See Advertisement.)

**MADLLE. GRAUMANN'S** "Matinée Musicale" at the Beethoven Rooms on Monday, promises to be attractive—Ernst plays.

**MR. KJALLMARK'S** second "Matinée Musicale," announced at the New Beethoven Rooms for Monday next is likely to be fashionably attended.

**A MUSIC-HALL** is about to be erected at Bradford at a cost of £10,000.



**MR. W. H. HOLMES' MATINEE MUSICAL.**—Mr. Holmes gave a Matinée at the New Beethoven Rooms, on Saturday, in the course of which, many features of very considerable interest were introduced. Mr. Holmes, whose great and various powers place him in the highest rank of pianists, played Mendelssohn's Orchestral Rondo, in B minor, in a masterly and brilliant manner; and also Beethoven's Sonata, in C sharp minor, which it has become fashionable to designate with the romantic title of "The Moonlight." Miss Rushforth, a pupil of Mr. Holmes, played with him, very gracefully, an arrangement as pianoforte duets, some of the *Songs without Words* for violin and pianoforte, of Molique. Mr. Noble played also with Mr. Holmes, a highly effective arrangement for two pianofortes of Spohr's quintet, in C minor, for pianoforte and wind instruments; it was in every respect an admirable performance. Mrs. John Macfarren played a Rondo in E flat of Weber, with clearness, precision and excellent style; she more than confirmed the good impression which she created in this piece by her brilliant rendering of Herz's clever duet, in the march in *Guillaume Tell*, with Mr. Walter Macfarren. Mr. Thompson, a pupil of Mr. Holmes in the Academy, played a movement of a Concerto, in C, of Mozart, in a manner equally creditable to himself and to his master. Mr. Bodda sang in his usual careful style, the song "Beautiful Night," from *The Sleeper Awakened*. Miss Messent sang a new and very pleasing song of Mr. Holmes', "Light behind a cloud," and Miss Dolby two songs of the same composer, as no vocalist but herself could sing them. The rooms were crowded by an elegant and discerning audience.

**MR. CHARLES MARSHALL'S DIORAMA.**—The lovers of pictorial sights, illustrative of foreign countries, will be both amused and interested by a visit to Her Majesty's Theatre, where Mr. Charles Marshall is now exhibiting his great moving diorama of a tour through Europe. We can speak of the painting of this work in express and high terms of admiration. Mr. Marshall has literally surpassed all his former efforts in his new diorama, and we question much if greater excellence has ever been arrived at in similar essays of the pencil. Not only the excellence of the illustrations but the variety also demands its due share of praise. The diorama is divided into three grand routes; the first includes a journey from Dover to Constantinople, the principal scenes of which are on, or contiguous to, the Danube. The view of Constantinople is singularly brilliant and imposing. Some of the Hungarian scenes are vividly depicted, one especially which represents a wedding feast, in which the guests display a striking variety of costumes. A wild and gloomy pass in the Carpathian mountains will command attention. The second route takes the spectator through some of the most beautiful scenery in Italy, leads him across the Alps, and finishes in the Swiss Cantons. Here Mr. Charles Marshall has an ample and tempting field for the exhibition of his pencil. Rome the seven-hilled, and Venice the sea-enshrined, are illustrated with singular art. The views of Venice, more especially, are admirable. The square of St. Marc, and the Bridge of Sighs, with "a palace and a prison on each hand," are both vigorous and animated pictures. The water in the last is wonderfully transparent. The journey over the Alps is illustrated by some powerful scenes; among others, the grand gallery of Gondo, the villages of Simplon and Interlachen, the Jungfrau mountain, the valley of Lauterbrunnen, &c. &c. This route terminates with a view of Mont Blanc, seen from Sallanche, an admirable picture. The third and last section of the diorama embraces several of the principal beauties of the Rhine, beginning at Bingen and descending to Cologne. This division of the picture will, in all probability, be found most acceptable to the spectator, and is, perhaps, painted with more accuracy of detail and greater general effect. We shall not particularise any of the nine pictures of which this part of the diorama is constituted; they are all exceedingly beautiful, and each is a masterpiece of its kind. To recommend Mr. Charles Marshall's work, after what we have said, is unnecessary. In the exhibition of the diorama a gentleman attends, who describes with voluble minuteness each scene as it passes in review. Among the numerous moving sights to be displayed before foreign eyes in 1851—for we doubt not Mr. Charles Marshall will continue to exhibit his picture, even when compelled to remove it from the Tourists' Gallery, *alias* Concert-

room of Her Majesty's Theatre—we know of none, certainly, which is entitled to more support—none, certainly, which surpasses it in point of excellence, and very few, indeed, which can be said to equal it.

**ITALIAN OPERATIC CONCERTS.**—Sig. Montelli commences a second series of these popular Concerts, at the Royal Princess's Concert Rooms, on Friday next, when several talented artistes, both vocal and instrumental, are announced to appear.

**MR. WILLIAM DAY**, the well-known Professor of Music, father of Miss Day the pianiste, and of Mr. J. Day, the Violonist, died on the 3rd of March, at his residence, 37, Upper Belgrave Place.

**M. JACQUES BLUMENTHAL**, the accomplished pianiste and composer, has arrived in London after a six months' sojourn in Switzerland, where he met with the greatest success.

**MR. MONRO.**—On Monday the 3rd inst., at his lodgings in Red Lion-square, died Mr. Jno. Monro, aged 65 years. Mr. Monro was the son of a respectable hairdresser in Edinburgh; and manifesting in early life a taste for music, was placed by his father in the shop of Messrs. Muir, Wood, & Co., music-sellers in that town. Mr. Muir gave him every opportunity of study, assisted him in the cultivation of his art, and at the age of seventeen sent him to London, with an introduction to the Duchess of Hamilton, in the hope that her ladyship might interest herself in getting him appointed musical teacher to the late Princess Charlotte. Failing in this, he applied to the late George Goulding, of the firm of Goulding, D'Almaine, & Co., where he obtained employment for several years. About the year 1806, Mr. Monro left Messrs. Goulding & Co., and offered his services to Messrs. Purday & Button, the music publishers. Mr. Purday, father of the present publishers, brought out some of his works, and employed him as commercial traveller. Shortly after, however, he left the business, and followed that of professor for several years, after which he determined to return to his former occupation, and finally established himself as a publisher in Skinner-street, Snow-hill, whence he removed eventually to Holborn-bars, where he remained in partnership with Mr. May, his brother-in-law, until an attack of paralysis, in 1848, compelled him to relinquish business altogether. As a composer, Mr. Monro never aimed at anything beyond easy lessons for the pianoforte, and ballads—among which latter, several arrived at considerable popularity, viz., "Ellen Auren," "The Boatwain's Shril Whistle," "Mary the Maid of the Green," &c., introduced to public notice by John Barnett, the composer, then a boy. Mr. Monro was self-taught, but understood the grammar of his art sufficiently well to write correctly. His last work was a set of six songs, called "Border Ballads." We may add that Mr. Monro was a respectable performer on the organ, and enjoyed the situation of organist of St. Botolph's Church, Aldersgate-street, until his illness compelled him to relinquish the situation.—(Abridged from the letter of a Correspondent.)

**MR. P. EZEKIEL**, the Pianist, took his Benefit on Monday at Sussex Hall, Leadenhall Street. The room was well attended, and the selection popular and good. The principal vocalists were Sig. Ronconi, Mr. H. Drayton, and Miss Bassano. The former gentleman sang "Tu vedrai," from Bellini, and a Barcarola of Donizetti in a style that needs no criticism. Miss Bassano gave "In questo Semplice" with her usual energy and dramatic effect, and afterwards sang the Scotch ballad "Auld Robin Gray," a song which she seems to have made her own and which she delivered with the impassioned feeling that she invariably imparts to its simple melody, and its touching and beautiful story. Mr. Henri Drayton also sang with great taste and expression, particularly in Knight's pretty song "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." We must not omit Mr. P. Ezekiel's piano-forte playing, which is neat and brilliant. The rest of the performers, especially Mr. Jongh-mans, who gave "Largo al factotum" with excellent effect, acquitted themselves creditably.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**MR. E. T. (Reigate).**—In the modern acceptation of the terms *andantino* is to *andante* what *allegretto* is to *allegro*—consequently faster. In ancient times we have little doubt that these terms had other meanings. We find Handel sometimes noting a movement, "andante allegro."

## Our Strap Book.

## MALIBRAN.

WHAT potent pencil can depict the scene,  
That owned the sway of song's majestic Queen?  
Yes! what bright fancy can those moments scan,  
When sunk the setting sun of Malibran?  
There, the surpassing sweetness of her song  
Thrill'd with admiring awe a raptur'd throng!  
There, in the fervour of each fearful tone,  
The flash of more than inspiration shone!  
And there, with all the majesty of art,  
Her heaven-taught genius triumph'd o'er the heart!  
But, with that mighty energy's display,  
The strain'd supports of nature yielded way!  
Her soul aspired in fairer climes to glow,  
And burst the ties that bound it here below;  
The powers of struggling sense were overcome,  
And that transcendent voice in death was dumb!  
But who that marked the splendour of that scene,  
Can pause unmov'd and muse o'er what has been?  
Or, who that heard her parting accents' tone,  
Will cast her image e'er from mem'ry's throne?  
No! the wild fervour of that last display,  
The meteor blaze of life's expiring ray,  
And each convulsive burst of piercing strain,  
That mark'd the dawn of Death's redoubt'd reign,  
These, on the page that tells of nobler man,  
Shall fix the immortal name of *Malibran*.

**ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.**—The following are among the bequests of well-known individuals to this institution:—Handel, £1,000; Signora Storace, £1,000; J. Crosdill, £1,000; W. B. Earle, Esq., £754; G. Henckey, £300; C. Knyvett, £200; J. P. Saloman, £200; C. A. Peischell, £200; C. Bowles, £200; A. Macklin, £200; Mazzinghi, £100; Mrs. Jane Dodman, £100; and Miss Caroline Eliza Fenn, £1,000. The society received one-fourth of the profits of the Royal Festival in Westminster Abbey, 1834—£2,250. The new Musical Fund, established in 1786, and the Choral Fund, established in 1791, and the Royal Academy of Music, received similar amounts.

**THE MUSICAL SENTIMENT.**—To the mere musician music is nothing more than a mass of notes, sharps, flats, rests, and holds; to play accurately and in time seems to him the height of perfection; and as merit of this kind is somewhat rare, it must be acknowledged that he is not altogether wrong. But what a distance from this mechanical execution, which leaves the soul of the hearer as unmoved as that of the player, to that harmony of feeling which is gradually communicated from the performer to the audience; to those delicate shades which colour the thought of the composer, show forth its sublimity, and frequently lend it new beauties; to that expression, in short, without which music is but an idle noise! Suppose an orchestra, a company of ordinary singers, who, in their dull execution, leave our sensations at rest: let an ardent leader, a musician endowed with all the requisite powers of mind and body, appear in the midst of them; suddenly, the sacred fire communicates itself to these inanimate beings; the metamorphosis produced in an instant may even be such that we can hardly persuade ourselves that we have the same players and singers. One who has not been so liberally endowed by nature, as to be able to communicate lively impressions to those who surround him, is at least capable of receiving them; which explains the secret of those sudden transformations which we behold in individual performers, according as they are well or ill directed. The cultivation and regulation of the passions and feelings so as to be able to awaken any required emotion, to any degree, at any instant—a cultivation which goes beyond mimicry and mechanism and has its seat in the soul, is one of the vital branches of musical education, and yet, strange to say, it is by far the most neglected. When will men shake off the stupidity and sluggishness of their nature, and thus become one living soul, one thrill of feeling, one exquisite sensation?

## Advertisements.

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**CONDUCTOR, Mr. COSTA.**—Wednesday, March 26, will be repeated Handel's *SAMSON*. Vocalists—Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Looker, Mr. T. Williams, Mr. Whitworth, and Mr. H. Phillips. The Orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s.; reserved seats in area or gallery, 5s.; central area (numbered seats), 10s. 6d.; at the Society's office, 6, Exeter Hall; or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing-cross.

## LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY,

**EXETER HALL.** On FRIDAY, March 28th, Handel's "JEPHTHA," being the Centenary Performance of this Oratorio. Principal Vocalists—Miss Birch, Mrs. Temple, Miss Kenneth; Mr. J. Young, Mr. Looker, and Mr. Lawler; Conductor, Mr. Surman, founder of the Exeter Hall Oratorios. Tickets, 3s., 5s., 7s., and central numbered Seats, 10s. 6d. each, to be obtained at the Principal Musicians, and at the office of the Society, No. 9, in Exeter Hall, where may be obtained the best Edition of the Music of the above Oratorio, Printed in Score and Single Parts.

## MONTELLI'S ITALIAN OPERATIC CONCERTS.

**THE NOBILITY, GENTRY, and the PUBLIC,** are respectfully informed that the second series of these Concerts will take place at the Royal Princess's Concert Rooms, Castle Street, Oxford Street, commencing on Friday next, March 31st, 1851, when the most talented Vocal and Instrumental Artists in London will have the honor of appearing. Terms of Admission, Reserved Seats 4s., Unreserved Seats 2s. 6d., Gallery 1s. or by subscription for Ten Concerts, Reserved Seats £1 10s. Unreserved £1 1s.

## SIGNOR BOTTESINI,

**MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA AT HAVANNA,** BEGS to apprise the Musical Profession and the Public that he will arrive in London at the beginning of May, and remain during the entire Season. Letters and applications for engagements to be addressed to Sig. BOTTESINI, Wessel and Co., 229, Regent Street.

To be published, March 3rd, GRATIS.

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**PROGRAMME OF MR. W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S**

**SECOND PERFORMANCE OF CLASSICAL PIANO-FORTE ROOMS.**—TUESDAY evening March 18, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—Trio in E flat, pianoforte, clarinet, and viola, Mozart; duo, pianoforte and violin; trio, pianoforte, violin, violoncello, and viola, Mozart; variations à quatre mains, Beethoven; selections from W. S. Bennett's pianoforte works; and Lieder Ohne Worte, Mendelssohn. Instrumentalists—Messrs. W. H. Holmes, W. S. Bennett, and Lazarus, Herr Molique, Messrs. Dando, and Lucas. Vocalist—Miss Dolby. To commence at half-past 8. Single tickets half a guinea each; triple tickets (to admit three to any one concert) one guinea—to be had at all the principal music warehouses; and of Mr. W. S. Bennett, 15, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square. The third and last performance will be on April 8.

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(Professor of the Pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music),

**HAS** the honor to announce a PERFORMANCE OF THE MUSIC OF A NEW OPERA (composed by W. H. Holmes), at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on WEDNESDAY Morning, May 28, at 2 o'clock. Further particulars will be duly given.

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